

Give me the victory of this question, which  
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe  
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicke is heard, Doves are seene to flutter, they  
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

*Pal.* O thou that from eleven, to ninetie reign'st  
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world  
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks  
For this faire Token, which being layd unto  
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance  
My body to this businesse: Let us rise  
And bow before the goddesse: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*

*Still Musicke of Records.*

*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her shoulders, a wheaten  
wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire  
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver  
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incense and sweet odours,  
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a  
loose, she sets fire to it, then they curtesy and kneele.*

*Emilia.* O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,  
Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,  
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure  
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights  
Alow'st no more blood than will make a blush,  
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest  
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe  
With that thy rare Greene eye, which never yet  
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,  
And sacred silver Mistris, lend thine care  
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port  
Ne're entred wanton sound,) to my petition  
Seasond with holy feare; This is my last  
Of vestall office, I am bride habited,  
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,  
But doe not know him, out of two, I should  
Choose one, and pray for his successe, but I  
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,  
Were I to loose one, they are equall precious,

I could doombe neither, that which perish'd should  
Goe too't unsentenc'd: Therefore most modest Queene,  
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me  
And has the truest title in't, Let him  
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else grant  
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may  
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under the Altar: and in the  
place ascends a Rose Tree, having one Rose upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes  
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar  
With sacred act advances: But one Rose,  
If well inspir'd, this Battaille shal confound  
Both these brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre  
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a sodaine trawng of Instruments, and the  
Rose falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is false, the Tree descends: O Mistris  
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,  
I thinke so, but I know not thine owne will;  
Unclasp thy Mistrerie: I hope she's pleas'd,  
Her Signes were gracious.

*They curtesy and Exeunt.*

Scena 2. *Enter Doctor, Iaylor and Woer, in habite of  
Palamon.*

*Doct.* Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

*Woer.* O very much; The maids that hept her company  
Have halfe perswaded her that I am Palamon; within this  
Halfe houre she came smiling to me, and asked me what I  
Would eate, and when I would kisse her: I told her  
Presently, and kist her twice.

*Doct.* T was well done; twentie times had bin far better,  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Woer.* Then she told me  
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew  
What houre my fit would take me.

*Doct.* Let her doe so,  
And when your fit comes, sit her home,